



SANTA ✕
✕ **LUCIA** ▽

1925

Beatrice Miller
Santa Margatto

SANTA LUCIA

SPANISH NUMBER



Being the FIFTH YEAR BOOK issued by the
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

OF

Margarita Black Union High School
ATASCADERO, CALIFORNIA

1925



To
MRS. ESTHER LATHROP HOLMES,
our beloved friend and teacher, who
has in such a marked degree the con-
ception of service and helpfulness as
well as an appreciation of the beauti-
ful in life as in art, whose services in
the production of this Annual and
other school activities and as a teach-
er of art have been of great value,
this Annual is affectionately dedicated
in grateful appreciation.



FACULTY

Dr. Archibald Morris Fosdick.....	Principal and District Superintendent
Mrs. Perle Zimmerman.....	Vice-Principal and English
Mrs. Esther Lathrop Holmes.....	Freehand-drawing, Arts and Crafts
Mrs. Lillian Scott Steiner.....	Domestic Science and Art
Miss Isabel Ward.....	Foreign Languages, English and Glee Club
Mr. Hugo Anderson.....	Mathematics and Physics
Mr. Edward A. Fingado.....	Mechanical Drawing, and Home and Community Mechanics.
Mr. C. I. Bently.....	Auto-mechanics and Vocational Mathematics
Mr. Glen E. Mangun.....	Boys' Physical Education, General Science and Biology
Miss Lucie Morris.....	Commercial Department
Mr. John E. Kimber.....	Agriculture, Chemistry and Orchestra
Miss Audrey Hollenbeck.....	History and Girls' Physical Education
Miss Lolita Brown.....	Secretary to the Principal
Mr. Frank L. Koch.....	Custodian of the Buildings





CLASS HISTORY

RUTH NEWTON, '25

In the fall of 1921 there came into this High School the usual thing—a class of Freshmen. We were as green as Freshies usually are, about as noisy, prone to pull the usual grammar school tricks, but added to this was the fact that the Seniors were so old and wise that they had entered upon their second childhood, so we Freshies weren't lonesome.

The memory that we carried with us at the end of our Freshman year was a vision of "D's" in some cases, and in others a growing dislike of Seniors with an inner desire to become one or die.

The second year found us one jump ahead—Soph's. "What a magnificent view from this mountain top! What are those green things wiggling around down there? Freshmen? You don't say! And to think WE were ever that far down in the scale of human beings! Only one cloud appeared to mar the Soph's happiness—the Junior made himself felt. Juniors love to bully. It is their chief delight, their only solace, their only "comeback" from the iron fist of the Senior.

However, another year brot us to the self-important station of Juniors. Probably the most successful affair ever given in this High School was the Prom of '24. It took money, and lots of it, to put on this function properly, but thru dint of real work the money was forthcoming. Forty dollars was our class contribution to the Annual; and to the Annual Staff, the Assistant Editor, the Literary Editor, and the News Editor; to the Associate Student Body Executive Board, the Vice-President and the Treasurer; to the Girl's League, the Vice-President and the Treasurer. And then to show you where we stood in athletics, just look at the honor roll of '24: John Black, Everett Fenny, Al Johnson, Sidney Magill, Albert May, and William Towler.

Last, but not least, came our Senior year. Now that it is drawing to its close, we all realize just what our High School years have meant to us—the friendships we have made and the battles we have fought and won. In our Senior year, we have added one more to the line of Student Body Presidents, some half dozen editorships on the staff, a few more stars on the honor roll, and we leave behind us the memory of a REAL play.

We have done our best, altho it is a "boy and girl" best. But perhaps that best is the most sincere of all. We are anxious to try our hand in the work of the world, but even tho we are looking forward with an eager eye, we are looking back with regret upon our school, the teachers, our good pals of the classroom, and—Our Friends.



MB
HS



25



1--MARY AUSTIN

"The pleasure of her friendship is in her power to charm."

Annual Staff, '23; Glee Club, '24; Mitsu-U-Nissi, '24; Girls' League Treasurer, '24; Parliamentarian of C. C. C. Girls' League, '24; Class President, '24.

2--BURTA BEERS

"A kind, true heart, a spirit high."

College Prep Course. Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25; Orchestra, '22, '23, '24, '25; Basketball, '24; Volleyball, '24; Mitsu-U-Nissi, '24; Debating Club, '24; Vice-President of Class, '24; "The Toreadors", '25; Girls' League Parliamentarian, '25.

3--ARDIS BIRNIE

"Mind cannot follow it, nor words express. Her infinite sweetness."

Entered from Northwestern High School, Detroit, Mich., '24. College Prep Course. Glee Club, '24, '25; "The Toreadors", '25; Senior Vice-President, '25.

4--OLIVER BREESE

"For duty, duty must be done."

Agricultural Course. Boys' Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; "The Toreadors", '25.

5--LORENE BROWN

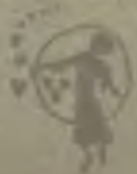
"Her life has many a hope and aim."

Entered from West Des Moines High School, Des Moines, Iowa, '24. College Prep Course. Dramatic Club, '22; Orchestra, '22, '23, '24, '25; Mitsu-U-Nissi, '24; The Toreadors, '25.

6--CECILY CRANE

"Virtue alone is true nobility."

College Prep Course. Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; Orchestra, '23, '24; Class President, '23; Baseball, '23; Patricia, '23; Basketball, '24, '25; Mitsu-U-Nissi, '24; Girls' Athletic Manager, '24; Volleyball, '25; "The Toreadors", '25; Annual Staff, '25; Senior Class Play, '25.



7—RAYMOND EISENBISE

"A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please."

Orchestra, '23; Boys' Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; Spanish Play, '24; Track, '23; Football, '25; Lettermen's Club, '25; Basketball, '25.

8—ELWIN FARRINGTON

"Give us the lad whose happy life is one
perpetual grin."

College Prep Course. Football, '25; Basketball, '25; Baseball, '25; Annual Staff, '25; Senior Class Play, '25.

9—EVERETT FENNY

"For every why he had a wherefore."

College Prep Course. Class President, '22; Football, '23, '24; Football Captain, '25; Basketball, '23; Boys' Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; Patricia, '23; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '24; "The Toreadors", '25; Senior Class Play, '25; President Lettermen's Club; President of Hi Y Club, '25.

10—ETHEL GOEB

"She'll fight and she'll conquer again and
again."

College Prep Course. Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25; Patricia, '23; Class Secretary, '23; Baseball, '23; Basketball, '24, '25; Mitsu-U-Nissi, '24; Debating Club, '24; Annual Staff, '24; "The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper", '25; Volleyball Captain, '25; Girls' Athletic Manager, '25; Girls' League Treasurer, '25.

11—DOROTHY HARDY

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

College Prep Course. Entered from San Diego High School, San Diego, Calif., '24. Dramatic Society, '22; Spanish Club, '23; Honor Society, '22, '23; Glee Club, '24, '25; Annual Staff, '24; Mitsu-Uu-Nissi, '24; Volleyball, '24, '25; The Toreadors, '25; Secretary Girls' League, '25; President Senior Class, '25.

12—NEVELLE HAWKINS

"A lady whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize."

College Prep Course. Glee Club, '22, '23, '25; Orchestra, '22, '23; Baseball, '23; Mitsu-U-Nissi, '24; Winning Debating Team, '24; Senior Class Play, '25; The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper, '25; Basketball, '24, '25; Volleyball, '25; Girls' League President, '25.



BB
HS

13—ESTHER JUDKINS

"Her talents were of the more silent class."

Entered from Crabtree Union High School, Crabtree, Ore., '22. Commercial Course. Glee Club, '22; Delphic Society, '22; Volleyball, '23.



14—CURTIS LOCK

"Every man will be thy friend."

College Prep Course. Basketball, '24; Football, '25.



15—SIDNEY MAGILL

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

Commercial and Vocational Courses. Track, '21, '22, '23; Basketball, '23, '24; Baseball, '23, '24; Football, '23, '24.



16—ALBERT MAY

"Even the vanquished, he could argue still."

Entered from Basin High, Basin, Wyo., '23. College Prep Course. Glee Club, '22; Basketball, '22; Captain Baseball Team, '22, '24; Winning Debating Team, '24; Spanish Play, '24, '25; Annual Staff, '25; Senior Class Play, '25.



17—RUTH NEWTON

"Go on, great painter!
Dare be dull—"

College Prep Course. Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25; Orchestra, '22, '23, '24; Patricia, '23; Class President, '23; Asst. Ed. Santa Lucia, '24; Vice-President S. B., '24; Mitsu-U-Nissi, '24; Debating Club, '24; Class Play, '25; Annual Staff, '25; The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper, '25; The Toreadors, '25; Volleyball, '24, '25; Basketball, '24, '25; Baseball, '23.



18—MAURICE OLIVA

"Here's metal most attractive."

College Prep Course. Annual Staff, '24; Class Play, '25; Treasurer Student Body, '25; Editor "Santa Lucia", '25.

BB
HS





19 LILLIAN STEVENS

"The pen is mightier than the sword"
College Prep Course. Glee Club, '22, '23, '24; Patricia, '23; Orchestra, '24; Mitsu-U-Nissi, '24; Debating Club, '24; Spanish Play, '24; News Reporter, '24; The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper, '25; Senior Class Play, '25; Annual Staff, '25.

20—WILLIAM TOWLER

"Ambition, the soldier's virtue"
College Prep Course. Football, '23, '24; Baseball, '24, '25; Basketball, '24; Basketball Captain, '25; Business Manager of Annual, '24, '25. President Student Body, '25.

21 ALFRED VOAK

"Something attempted,
Something done"
Commercial Course. Senior Class Play, '25; Secretary-Treasurer of Class, '25; Basketball, '25.

CLASS PROPHECY

‘ ‘ 1950 ’ ’

LILLIAN STEVENS, '25

From mouth to mouth crept the word. Each time the guard turned his back another one was told. Soon they all knew. The president was to be appealed to for their pardons! Doubtless she would act upon the advice of her cabinet and the men knew that in that body there must be at least one or two who would try to help them.

Why this confidence in the lawbreakers' minds as to the aid of these chief lawmakers? Because—'twas the girls of the Class of '25 who were in the Cabinet and the boys of the class who were in Sing Sing.

Mary Austin was the first woman president. With her tact and serious mind she had quickly worked herself into the hearts and minds of her countrymen, and their confidence in this, the youngest president ever elected, as well as the first woman to hold this office,—was unlimited. She had been elected unanimously and was called the "Mother of her Country." With admirable loyalty she had chosen the girls of her old high school class for the members of her Cabinet. Their course in the "Problems of American Democracy" had fitted them admirably for their positions and they had all entered into this field to earnestly try to improve our country and perhaps the world.

Lillian Stevens' interest in foreign affairs had led Miss Austin to make her Secretary of State. She and Miss Austin had worked up their ability to argue to a positive genius and they made a team that no one could down. Ethel Goeb's skill with money matters, developed in high school, made her a wonderfully efficient Secretary of the Treasury. Ruth Newton was made Secretary of War and she was thot to be in league with Thor and Mars. The fact that she looked like a splendid daughter of the Vikings heightened this impression. Nevelle Hawkins' interest in and tactfulness with men led her to be made Secretary of Navy. Burta Beers' well-known sense of justice made her a fine Attorney General. Lorene Brown was made Secretary of the Interior because of her love of good food and she handled her varied duties with remarkable ease. Ardis Birnie had always received so much mail that Miss Austin was sure she would be interested in the postal department, so she appointed her Postmaster General. As Esther Judkins had always lived close to the soil and knew the needs of the farmers she was chosen Secretary of Agriculture. Cecily Crane's remarkable affection for bookkeeping and commercial affairs had led to her appointment as Secretary of Commerce. Last, but not least, Dorothy Hardy was made Secretary of Labor, for obvious reasons.

Many, many hot discussions followed the plea for pardons.

Elwin Farrington was in for kidnapping and cradle-robbing. He said that his love for children of all ages had made him do this but that he'd never do it again, if only they'd make him head of an orphan asylum. Sidney Magill had been arrested for agitating. His soap box speeches were famous. He said he was willing to confine his speeches to the non-English-speaking people, if they'd let him out of Sing Sing. Raymond Eisenbise had invented a beautifying cream, with 40% nitric acid in it, to peel off the dead skin, leaving the lovely new skin beneath. The only trouble with it was that it peeled the lovely new skin off, too, and the women of the nation rose to arms. He promised to confine his beauty schemes to himself, thereafter. Maurice Oliva's experiments in chemicals blew up half of New York, but no one said anything till he poisoned his brother with a new concoction. He had to make several sets of promises before the Cabinet would even consider his case. Oliver Breese was up for blocking traffic with his mules, but he insisted that the mules ought to be in prison instead of himself. He didn't do it. Curtis Locke's vanity kept him continually swiping ornaments for himself and he was up for grand larceny. He promised to buy his adornments thereafter. Albert May became a society "Raffies" and was so fascinating that no one suspected him for a long time. Everett Fenny had invented a new religion called the "Giglashades." The members giggled

continually and wore lampshades for hats. This was supposed to purify the soul. He promised to think up something a little less asinine. Alfred Voak went around with this gang but they couldn't find him doing anything wrong. They sent him up, anyway, because he was so quiet they thot he must be up to something.

So this was what happened to the Class of '25. After talking it over, the President pardoned the boys, and they are all now living happily. The Cabinet is keeping a close watch on them and they are doing their best to go straight.

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1925, of the Margarita Black Union High School, of the City of Atascadero, County of San Luis Obispo, and State of California, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and being mindful of the uncertainty of life, do make and publish this, our last Will and Testament, with the hope that it will prove beneficial and helpful to those concerned. Of our individual characteristics and possessions, we wish to bequeath the following:

I, Esther Judkins, will my silence to Lloyd Greene. (Hope he takes it).

I, Maurice Oliva, will my gum to Maude Blynn, and acting ability to Cecil Oldson.

I, Cecily Crane, will my memory to Professor Kimber.

I, Oliver Breese, will my adventurous-looking profile to Percy Kujava.

I, Ruth Newton, will my docile nature to Frances Fox.

I, Alfred Voak, will my common sense to Donald Stinchfield.

I, Nevelle Hawkins, will my wavy hair to Dorothy Baker.

I, Elwin Farrington, will my balloon pants to Orville Duncan.

I, Dorothy Hardy, will my "skin you love to touch" to Robert Pierce.

I, Raymond Eisenbise, will my ability to wear clothes, and my sweet way with the girls, to Edwin Grabenstein.

I, Lillian Stevens, will my "big noise about nothing" to Winifred Garrity.

I, Everett Fenny, will my ability to immediately come to the point, to Matthew Triggs.

I, Ethel Goeb, will my whistling ability to Paul Horner.

I, Curtis Lock, will my ethereal blondness to Doris Webb.

I, Ardis Birnie, will my sweet disposition to Pat Hourihan.

I, Sidney Magill, will my football ability to Norman Hinton.

I, Mary Austin, will my place in the front row to Earl Weaver.

I, Albert May, will my nose to Winifred Dooley.

I, Burta Beers, will my C. E. pin to Philip Kinder.

I, William Towler, will my good sportsmanship to Earl Weaver.

I, Lorene Brown, will my ability to play the violin to Marion Hess.

We, Mary Austin and Lillian Stevens, will our arguing ability to Wilhelmina Appel.

We, Ethel Goeb and Cecily Crane, will our driving ability to Dorothy Fair.

As a class we wish to bequeath the following:

First—Our ability as orators and essayists to the student body.

Second—Our ability to function properly to Mr. Fosdick.

Third—Our Senior ship of golden dreams to Mrs. Zimmerman.

By

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '25.

Witnesses:

A. DUMB BELL,

IMA NUTT,

DOC. KILLEM QUICK.





JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

PATTERSON ROBISON.....	President
JEANETTE BIRNIE.....	Vice-President
ROBERT PIERCE.....	Treasurer

THAT JUNIOR CLASS

MATTHEW L. TRIGGS, '26

"Hello there old man, going to the show tonight?"

"Why perhaps. What is it? Anything special?"

"Well, I don't know the name of the picture but I do know that it is being put on by the Junior Class and that's enough for me. You can depend upon the Junior Class for a snappy program from start to finish. They have a reputation as a live bunch and they surely deserve it. People are just beginning to realize what an unusual group of boys and girls there is in that class. I doubt if you will find anywhere a group of youngsters that more typically represents the spirit of young America. Energetic, full of pep and ginger, and ambitious to do something and be somebody in this world. I don't think it will be very long until we hear from some of the members of that class. Well, I've gotto be getting back to business. Will I see you at the show tonight?"

"You surely will. I'll be there with bells on. Well, solong!"

"Solong!"

THE RAIN

WILBUR OLIVA, '27

The clouds loosed their mighty burden,
In misty drops and fine.

The longed for rain at last had come,
To patient man and kine.

Swiftly the drops then weight increased
And rushed to greet the earth.

The flowers raised their drooping heads,
To welcome their new birth.



SOPHOMORES

CLASS OFFICERS

MADALENE SMITH, President

WILBUR OLIVA, Vice President

VIOLA LOKEN, Secretary-Treasurer

THE CLASS OF '27

"The Six" '27

Long ago in early autumn,
Autumn of two years ago,
Small papooses darked this doorway,
Pattered down the halls and stairways,
Peered and poked through rooms and cellars,
O'er our wooden heads, the teachers
Brandished tomahawks and weapons,
(Hoping thus to give us knowledge.)
Now we've reached the heights of courage,
As young braves we can't be vanquished.
We have conquered all our troubles,
Run them down and boldly scalped them.
In our belts we wear their scalp-locks,
Signs of victories completed.
We, the class of '27.
(Teachers think us gifts from heaven.)
When, as seniors, we are chieftains,
—Having reached the heights of knowledge,—
Looking down on those below us,
We'll remember all our struggles,
That, as Sophs, we won our laurels,
In this school so well beloved.

SPRING

POLLY HARRIS, '27

There's something in the sunshine
And something in the air—
A buoyant, joyous something
That doesn't seem to care.
It turns the flowers to laughter
And sends white clouds a-fling,
Awakes the world to youth and joy!—
That something is the Spring.





CLASS OFFICERS

FRANCES FOX, President

EDWARD TIPTON, Vice-President

EDITH MALLAT, Secretary-Treasurer

OH THOSE FRESHMEN !

FRANCES FOX, '28

Of course we realize fully what fine Freshmen classes we have had before us, but that does not shake us, one bit, from our opinion that we are the best class yet. Looking over the very evident faults of the other classes only makes us realize all the more fully how nearly perfect we are. Of course we wouldn't like to boast, as that wouldn't be nice, taking into consideration the fact that the other classes couldn't help it, but we do want to impress everybody with our own good points.

We started out in the beginning of the term with forty seven members in our class. We sincerely hope that by the time we have become Seniors we shall still have most of that number left. I think we can safely claim the honor of being the first class which has members who have risen from the ranks right here in Atascadero—or, in other words, who have gone straight thru from the first grade on into High School.

I am sure that we all realize fully that the welfare of the school depends upon each year's Freshman class, just as the welfare of the United States itself, depends upon the younger generation. We have, I know, makings of many fine school citizens in our class—citizens who will consider it their duty, during the time that they are in school, to make it one of the finest schools possible.

We hope—in fact we are quite certain—that by the time we become Seniors, all of the other classes will look up to us and humbly petition the gods, that some time they, too, may become as fine a class as we.

THE WEST FOR ME

LLOYD GREENE

I love the peaks with their snow-bound caps; the stately mountains grand;
And the pungent smell of the bending pines that tower on either hand;
The streams that leap, thru the canyons deep, and the wind's low melody;
I heed their call, for I love them all. 'Tis the West, yes, the West, for me!



SAN ANTONIO MISSION

MILDRED BROWNELL, '26

Just out of San Luis Obispo County, in the County of Monterey, is a road that looks very inviting and as far as we could see down this road were trees, flowers, green grass and bushes, mountains. They were all dressed in their new spring colors.

In following this road for about ten miles we passed through a quaint little village. Most of the stores were made of adobe and mud, but nearly all the houses had been remodeled. Still, they fitted in with the other surroundings of the village.

This road then took us over some tiny hills and thru a beautiful little valley. Then, going two or three more miles thru this valley, we passed thru an opening or gateway which had been made by the more civilized Indians. After we had passed through the gate it seemed as if we had entered into a different country,—that is, with the exception of the mountains.

There was a large grove of gray, twisted, olive trees, hundreds of years old, on one side of the road. On the other side was a small, roofless adobe house. There was only one room. Nature had been good to this little house, so the fireplace was still in good condition, the old stone furniture was still placed on the dirt floor just as if some one had walked out and left it the day before. There was a queer, old, rusty, firearm in a niche in the wall. No one ever thinks of disturbing this mysterious little house, so it is still in good condition, considering how long it has stood. In the little town not far from this house, there is not a person that can tell the history of the house and why the roof is gone or why it was left in such a condition. Everyone was curious to know whether or not anyone would live in a house without a roof.

After fully exploring this house we went on a little further and the road took us around a deep bend and another picture lay before us. There was a level plain and right in the center was a large building and, going up towards it, we discovered that it was the old San Antonio Mission. In front of the Mission were two or three rows of blooming pomegranate trees. On the left of the Mission was a crumbling old corridor and it looked and seemed as if it were going to topple down at any minute. At the end of the corridor was a well-worn path. Following this we saw in front of us a huge, round, dome like structure made of adobe. After going half way around it we saw a large opening, but it was so dark inside that we could not see more than a foot or so in front of us. Luckily we had a flashlight. Looking in, we saw a few crudely made steps in the dirt. Going down there we came into one large room with many passageways leading away from it. On each side of the passageways were cells which had been roughly and crudely made by being dug out from the solid earth. In front of the cells could still be seen the paths—hard packed in the earthen floor—which the old padres had paced while guarding the captives.

At the right of the Mission we saw the large rocks with the centers worn from grinding corn and other meals. They were just as the Indians

had left them. In the rear of all the stones was a queer old graveyard. Some of the graves had trees or bushes for tombstones; others had shells and rocks. In still others stood tall poles. One tombstone was especially noticeable. It was a tall pole with carvings and Spanish names all over it but none of the names were legible.

We then went into the Mission, expecting to see tier upon tier of seats and benches, a platform and other things which are usually found in such a place. We expected to find many relics and antiques, but after stepping inside we changed our minds, for it was dark, dreary, damp, and cold, and bats were flying around, screeching wierdly. There were no benches, no platforms, just an immense, empty room. There was no floor in it. Some of the rafters were starting to fall. The only things that reminded us of a Mission were the cross and the bell. There was a huge wooden cross at the further end of the room. The ball up in the little tower would not ring and was covered with moss and rust. In a hallway there were many names carved in the adobe, probably made by the tourists.

They are now using this picturesque old Mission as the setting for a Spanish picture on the silverscreen.

WORSE AND MORE OF IT

MATTHEW L. TRIGGS, '26

"What! Have my tonsils out tomorrow! Well, I should hope to smile. Whadda I want my tonsils out for? They're all right! Oh well, if it hasta be done I might as well get it over with."

The fateful moment at last arrives. I am ordered to open my mouth and be resigned to my doom. The doctor jabs a needle about half way thru my throat and then takes what resembles a paint brush loaded with glue and gives my throat a coupla swipes with it. He prospects around a bit more until he strikes bone. Then he goes over to the other side and dittoes the proceeding. At last he gives me a coupla extra swipes with the glue brush and lets up for a minute.

"Are they both out now?" I asks, simple like. "What! only the local anesthetic? Well I'll be ——!"

Then he proceeds to give me a few preliminary remarks as to how to go about it. The main idear seems to be not to grab his hand and to keep my mouth open. I don't see how I could close it, anyhow, if he puts in half the things he put in for the anesthetic.

Well, at last we proceeds to business. He pokes around down in my lungs or somewhere thereabouts with sumthin' durned sharp, seemin' to greatly enjoy the operation. After about a minute of pulling my backbone to pieces, he gets all braced and gives a heave. Lord! I thot my head was off, to say the least! "Well, that's one of 'em," he says, and starts excavating again. This last one only hurt about twice as much as the first one, so I managed to get thru it. Well, anyhow, I'm done with tonsils!!!

THE SEA

WILBUR OLIVA, '27

The sea waves swiftly rise and flash and leap,
In swirling eddies round each pebble sweep.

Their crests in far flung battle line expand
And crash upon the unsuspecting sand.

Back, back they roll in wild, confused retreat,
A moment rest; again their charge repeat!

THE UNKNOWN

WILBUR OLIVA, '27

There have been a great many books written about the fear of the Unknown. Edgar Allen Poe has written many stories about it. In some cases people have been known to die from fear when they really did not know what they were afraid of. Once a man who had been left in a darkened house alone died from heart failure at hearing the sound of some small animal dragging itself across the floor.

Recently I had an experience which I will now attempt to relate,—an experience which will linger in my mind for some time to come.

My home is situated a few miles from a small town in California. Sometimes, because of lack of transportation, I have been forced to walk from the village all the way home, which is not a very pleasant pastime at night, altho there is a good road most of the way. As our house is a little distance from the main road I have found it quicker to cut across the fields than to follow the road.

On this particular night I had been to see a friend in town and had not gotten started home until after eleven.

I soon left the lights of the village behind me as I hurried along, and almost before I knew it, I was alone with the howling wind and the black clouds, which were skudding across the sky.

As I walked along I gradually became aware of a strange fear growing within me. I began to have creepy sensations and cold chills running up and down my back. My fear increased as I walked along and I soon caught myself looking back over my shoulder and several times I paused to listen. By the time I came to the place where I must leave the road to cut across the fields, my heart was pounding and I was continually looking back. I broke into a run which I soon stopped with the foolish fear that the noise of the wind rushing past my ears would drown out the noise of anything approaching me. I quickly crossed the fields and it was with great relief that I burst into my house.

When morning came, my fear of the night before was almost forgotten and it was not renewed again until I crossed the fields. I was sauntering down the path when I suddenly stopped with a gasp, for there, intermingling with mine, were the eight-inch tracks of a mountain lion.

LIFE

POLLY HARRIS, '27

A faint rose flushes in the east,
 Tips clouds with light;
The world in dewy wonder wakes
 From spell of night,
And day is born!

Apollo reins his ramping steeds
 O'er western hills,
One downward plunge thru blood and fire,
 The whole sky thrills,
And sun is set!

So let us in the morning rise
 Buoyant with song,
And may the night, which comes at last,
 Still find us strong,
Oh, this is life!

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE SEASONS

POLLY HARRIS, '27

Long, long ago, when the world was very young, the Great Spirit stood at the door of his wigwam in the clouds and surveyed his handiwork. And a frown gathered upon his brow for he was not pleased. Then he bent low over the world, shaking on it the ashes of his pipe, and lo, there were mighty mountains; traced with his finger the course of the rivers and breathed the oceans into being. Then, with his powerful magic, he created the Indian and peopled the hills and valleys with many of his kind, but still he was not satisfied. So he took three of the fairest Indian maidens, naming them Spring, Summer, and Autumn, giving them great powers over the earth, and made them immortal.

First came the Spring, dancing over the blue waves of the ocean, making all the world laugh with her joyous youth. Lightly she tripped on moccasins, dew-beaded, throwing veils of green mist over the hills and splashing the valleys with color. Close behind her came the Summer, bathing the world in golden sunshine and touching the flowers with richest colors. Then, last of all, came the Autumn. In a flurry of leaves she came, dancing, splashing the hills with her brown and flame and scarlet, painting the harvest moon and ripening the maize of the Indians. But, while the world was revelling in the magic beauty of Autumn, there came from the icy northland, a fierce stranger spirit. Cold was the touch of his fingers and his hair blew wild in the night wind. Fiercely he pursued the three seasons, killing their flowers with his frosty breath and burying the green forests beneath a blanket of snow. Swiftly he came over the hills and valleys, freezing the lakes and rivers before him and always pursuing the seasons. They fled at his approach, but everywhere he followed, icy, cruel, relentless. All living things died at his approach and fast in the print of his moccasins spread a great sheet of ice, clutching the whole earth.

At last, in desperation, the three seasons left the earth and began the long journey upward to the forbidden wigwam of the Great Spirit. They were faint with cold and hunger when at last they reached his wigwam among the clouds and found him there, sleeping after his labors. They wakened him and told him of the terrible thing that had happened. Then the Great Spirit sprang up in anger, caught a brand from his fire and hurried it down on the Ice Spirit. Back before the powerful magic the Ice Spirit fell in terror, and the great ice sheet dwindled and melted. Back fled the Spirit to his home in the northland, but when he reached his wigwam among the everlasting snows, he turned and laughed in the face of the Great Manitou, telling him that, do what he might, he, the Winter, would come back each year, following close in the steps of the Autumn.

At this the Great Spirit was troubled, for, if the Winter came, cold and relentless, each year, where could the Seasons go to protect themselves from his ravages?

Then he sought the shores of the far, blue, western sea, and there he modelled a dream land of rolling hills and green valleys. Far above the sun-splashed hills reared great peaks and glaciers, while, from the western sea, blew warm winds laden with perfume. Here, while the cruel Winter ravaged the world outside, the Seasons came each year and revelled in their playground. All their boundless beauties they lavished upon it; all the year round, warm winds blew and gay flowers splashed the hillsides.

And so, today we find it, blessed with all the beauties of nature—California, land of eternal sunshine.

A FLANDERS POPPY

HARRIETTE HASTY, '28

As I was looking over some of my old treasures the other day, I came across a little Flanders poppy that I had bought from a little girl on Memorial Day two years ago. I had forgotten that those things were ever made, and, as I sat looking at it, I wondered—

It wasn't much,—just a bit of cloth and wire twisted into shape, but who had made it along with many others? Whom had it helped to feed or clothe? For each little poppy you bought helped somebody away over in France.

Perhaps it was a poor young widow who had lost her husband in the war and was wearing her fingers to the bone trying to feed and clothe her poor children. Maybe in her spare hours she had sat with the children far into the night making little poppies like this one and, even after the children had gone to bed, perhaps she had sat up long hours, twisting, cutting, almost mechanically, just for her children. Perhaps as she worked she had breathed a prayer for her husband who lay "Somewhere in France."

Maybe it was an old grandmother who had lost all her kin in the war and was living, forlorn and forgotten, in the ruins of her old home. Perhaps, after the war was over, she had sadly journeyed back to her old home in the hope of finding it still there. Perhaps as she sat on the doorstep twisting this little flower into shape she thought, as the tears ran down her cheeks, of what the little poppy she was making really stood for and of her sons who lay, with thousands of others, in Flanders fields. Maybe, as the tears ran down her cheeks one fell on this poppy and made this faded spot here, and perhaps she whispered as she wiped her tears away, "It was all for France, and France, our beloved France, is saved!"

Perhaps it was a little orphan boy and girl who spent what should have been a play hour making this little poppy. Maybe as they worked they were thinking of their father,—wondering whether he lay in Flanders fields or some other forsaken spot in France. And their mother,—where was she? Was she dead, or was she looking for them yet?

Maybe this little flower was fashioned by a young French peasant who had been partially disabled in the war and was unable to support his wife and children, brothers and sisters, in any other way. Who knows?

Two years! They may never sell these little artificial poppies again. France is building up and life is brighter. But nothing can make amends for all the sorrow caused by the great war; nothing can ease the heartache of the thousands of people who sacrificed their loved ones, that we, the world, might be free. A little artificial poppy—blood red—Flanders Fields!

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

GENEVIEVE LYMAN, '27

Mr. Coolidge made a speech,
'Twas very dull and dry,
We tried to listen patiently,
But scarce forbore a sigh.

We heard it thru the radio
Which speaked and squawked and groaned;
We couldn't hear a word he said,
For all WE knew, he moaned.

I heard the speech was very good,
And know that that is so,
But next time that he makes a speech,
To Washington I'll go.

THE MOUNTAIN

WILLIAM BISSELL, '27

I see a mountain standing high,
Outlined against the golden light
Of summer's setting sun.
The lower slopes are green with pines,
The top is gleaming white with snow.
Beauty from Heaven won!

A FAIRY DELL

POLLY HARRIS, '27

There's a wonder world of magic
In a fairy dell I know,
Where the maiden hair is misted
Thru the star flowers' purest snow,
There the sunbeams frolic downward
Thru a leafy, shimmered screen
To the mossy velvet carpet
That's brocaded gold and green.

There's a brooklet's crystal laughter
Thru its rushes green and tall,
Velvet cat tails nodding gaily
Where the ripples rise and fall.
There are bird trills thru the branches
And bird rustles in the grass,
And a sweet, flower-scented coolness
Where the shy, blue violets mass.

So if you're sad and weary
With the weight of dusty things,
And feel flutterings within you
As of caged and restless wings,
Just cast the world behind you
And seek a fairy dell
Where the burning of your fever
Will be cooled beneath its spell.

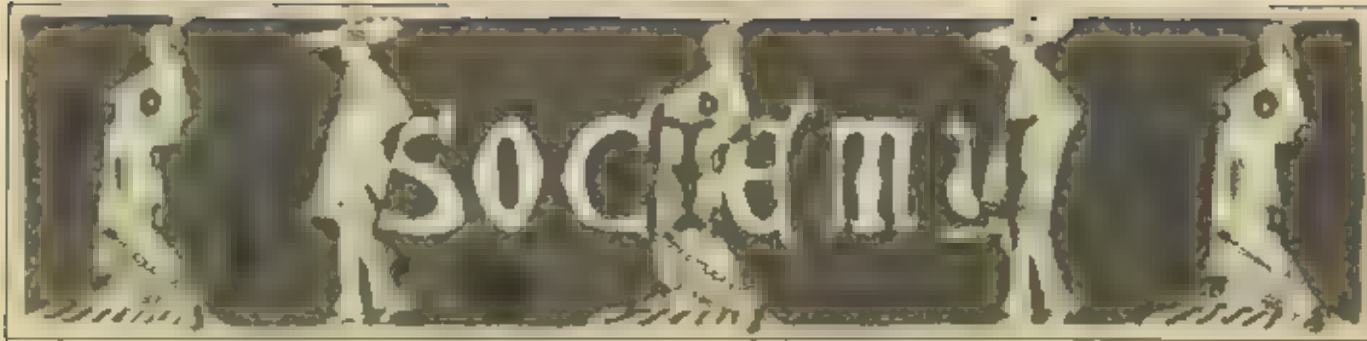
You'll stretch lazy in the lush grass
With a brooklet gurgling by,
And dream of summer coolness
Neath an azure depth of sky.
And your sadness will float from you
At the touch of fairy things,
When your heart's song comes returning
On the breath of fairy wings.

GIRLHOOD

LILLIAN STEVENS, '25

I am not yet awake. Just faintly
Do I feel the wonder of the moon glint on the waves,—
The marvel of the flower in lowly mold.

I am not yet awake. As thru a mist white veil
Comes love of dew upon the meadow grass;
Of hoary cloud upon the summer sky.



FRESHMAN RECEPTION

This delightful event occurred on the evening of October eighth.

The Freshmen were put thru the deep, dark basement again. As they emerged from the depths, one by one, they were taken to the throne and made to bow down three times before the King and Queen of the haughty Seniors. The third time, the rug upon which they were kneeling was yanked from behind and the poor, abused, friendless little Freshies were deposited on their seats of thot. But they were good sports and laughed loudly, if a trifle mournfully. This awakened hopes in the minds of the upper-classmen that these Freshies might, in time, become extraordinarily good sports.

After the Freshies had all been bumped and the upper-classmen had satisfied their rather crude sense of humor, everyone danced, whether he could or not. We had a real, hired orchestra and tripped the light fantastic toe (or planked the weighty, wandering heel) until the refreshments were served. Then after another dance and a few bedtime stories, we all journeyed home to our trundle beds, wishing for many happy returns of parties like this.

TACKY DAY

We brot our old clothes to school on the morning of April second. We then appeared on the campus to have our pretty pictures taken. After being funny to our hearts' content we went to the gym, where the Juniors were in charge, and danced and frolicked the rest of the afternoon. The Juniors did everything up brown and if everyone didn't have a good time it wasn't their fault. They sold lunches at noon and at one o'clock there was a grand march and judges from the faculty decided on the prize-winning costumes. Then the doors of the gym were opened wide and strains of jazzy music issued forth calling nearer those who had a dime. There were balloon dances, whirling contests, races, and even a Tacky ball game.

This was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the year. For the costumes, see Tacky Snap page, at the back of the Annual.

GIRLS' JINKS

"Bigger and Better" seems to be the rule of the girls when it comes to the Jinks.

The decorations were those of a miniature Iceland, with lots of crystal snow and evergreen trees. The refreshments were cool and snowy to match and the entertainment matched, too. There was an "Icele Dance" by Denise Doty and a "Snowman" song by Elizabeth Bryant. The girls danced and played games during the remainder of the evening.

The costumes were very clever and original. Prizes were offered for the best and were won by Raggedy Ann and Raggedy And, Monseieur Beane, and Lady Mary Carlisle, and a South Sea Islander.

On with the Jinks!!!!!!

DITCH DAY

Early in the morning the Seniors ran away,
With lots of jolly singing on this, their Ditching Day.
Just like a band of gypsies they started off to go——
(Where they were gaily going, they really did not know).
So Mr. Dopson drove them off to a shady spot
And let them go a-swimming, and laugh and play a lot.
They stayed all night. 'Twas funny, they didn't sleep a bit
And home they came a sorrowing, cause in school they must sit.

CLASS PARTIES

The annual Junior Senior swim was held in the Paso Robles plunge and how they plunged! The usual things happened—ducking and diving and so forth and everyone had a wonderful time.

The Seniors had a banquet all for themselves! They had a really formal one with seven courses, n'everything! The table was decorated with blue and gold, their colors, and the food carried out the color scheme as far as possible. They had many clever speeches and lots of fun.

Once upon a time the Freshmen had a party and a weenie roast. They had lots of fun and lots of weenies. They had another party, a swimming party, with the Sophomores, and had as good time as the Juniors and Seniors did. The Sophs had a swimming party all by themselves, too.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM.

On May the 22nd, a date to which the Seniors had long looked forward, the "Prom" was given by the Juniors.

The gym was decorated to represent a pirate ship, and from the time the guests entered along the gang plunk, surrounded on every side by bold, bad pirates, until the last bit of pirate food had disappeared and the last bold strain of pirate music had died on the midnight air, the fun never, for a moment, abated.

HOLES

VIOLA LOKEN, '27

I have a queer, odd liking
For holes of any kind.
I don't care of what nature,
I love all those I find.

I love a velvet bird's nest,
A graceful, dipping dell,
A pocket in an oak tree,
A dark and fragrant well.

I love the homes of gophers,
A flowers' brimming cup,
A worm-hole in an apple,
A wrinkled leaf curled up.

But best of all I love holes
Down in the heart of him
Who waits to be filled up with
Kind Nature, to the brim.



MUSIC AND DRAMA

Each of the music departments of the school has increased in membership this year, with the possible exception of the Girls' Glee Club, which has about the same number as in past years.

The orchestra has been under the direction of Mr. Kimber this year and has progressed rapidly, due to his enthusiasm and interest in the work. The two Glee Clubs have had a very successful year, chiefly on account of the leadership of Miss Ward.

A charming operetta was given, full of life and laughter. This was "The Toreadors," representing a day in sunny Spain and the story was woven around two beggars who posed as toreadors, at the suggestion of two young men who were in love with the daughters of a certain Senor Dictorio, who would not give his consent to their marriage because he desired each girl to marry a toreador. The beggars, in the role of the toreadors, make him thoroly tired of such people and he finally willingly expresses his approval of the real lovers.

The cast of characters was well chosen and it was most successful, due to the untiring efforts of Miss Ward. The orchestra provided the music before and between the acts and also for the Senior Class play.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

One of the most delightful Senior plays ever given in Atascadero was "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde. Sections for the cast were made by Mrs. Zimmerman and Mrs. Hobbs and the stage settings were designed by them. The exceptional success of the play was largely due to their work.

The story was about two young men, John Worthing and Algernon Moncreiff, (Maurice Oliva and Albert May), who each had an excuse, (a madcap younger brother and a sick friend), to take them away from home whenever the spirit of adventure overtook them. They called this "Bunburying." "Bunburying" led them thru some tight places and almost made them lose the girls they loved, Gwendolen Fairfax and Cecily Cardew, (Neville Hawkins and Cecily Crane). They came out all right in the end but with no thanks to Lady Bracknell, (Ruth Newton). Miss Prism, (Lillian Stevens), Cecily's governess, and the Reverend Dr. Chausable, (Alfred Voak), had a love affair of their own on the side. Everett Fenny and Elwin Farrington played the very discreet butlers, Lane and Merriman.

During the year the Junior and Sophomore classes gave movies with entertaining and appropriate prologues, at the Community Building. The prologues consisted of amusing stunts, recitations, dancing and singing. The Senior class also gave a movie and a prologue. The prologue represented a toy shop at midnight. At this time the dolls all came to life and sang, recited or danced. Afterwards, a beautiful doll's wedding was held with bridesmaids, bridegrooms, and even a best man. Each time such a prologue was given nearly every seat in the house was taken.

The Girls' League gave a human puppet show on May ninth, called "The Maid Who Wouldn't Be Proper." The story is about a young lady who refuses to be proper and whose parents decide to marry her to a very proper young man. But the young lady runs away and marries a gypsy boy, so her very proper sister marries the proper young man and everything ends happily. The cast, chosen by Mrs. Zimmerman and Mrs. Holmes, acted the difficult parts very well. It was delightful and entirely different from anything that the High School had given before.

RAIN MAGIC

POLLY HARRIS, '27

In summer when the air is hot
And earth is parched and dry,
The fairies dance in magic ring
Beneath the midnight sky.

They fling enchantments on the winds
And give each sparkling star
An urgent message it must send
To some cloud wandering far.

Then racing come the eager clouds
To ask why the alarm,
And thru them shoot the fairy darts,
Each loaded with a charm.

Then, when the cooling rain is o'er,
And golden sunshine breaks,
Each charm springs up from where it fell
And there a mushroom makes.

So when you see their parasols
In some cool dell or lane
Where ne'er one grew before, you'll know
There must have been a rain.

THE FAIRY FOLK

POLLY HARRIS, '27

Who slip down thru the starry night
Astride the gay moon beams,
And bring to children far and wide
The magic dust of dreams?

Who love to dance in fairy ring
Beneath a great white moon,
And rock to sleep the little flowers
To pine trees' lulling croon?

Who string the dewdrop cobwebs light
From blade to tall grass blade,
Then hang their dainty washing out
Upon the lines they've made?

And who, when dawn is in the bud,
Spy from their lookout towers,
Then scamper thru snarled grass roots
To hide in hearts of flowers?

To whom does this, our dull old world,
Seem one uproarious joke?
Who show us all the path to dreams?
Why, 'tis the fairy folk!

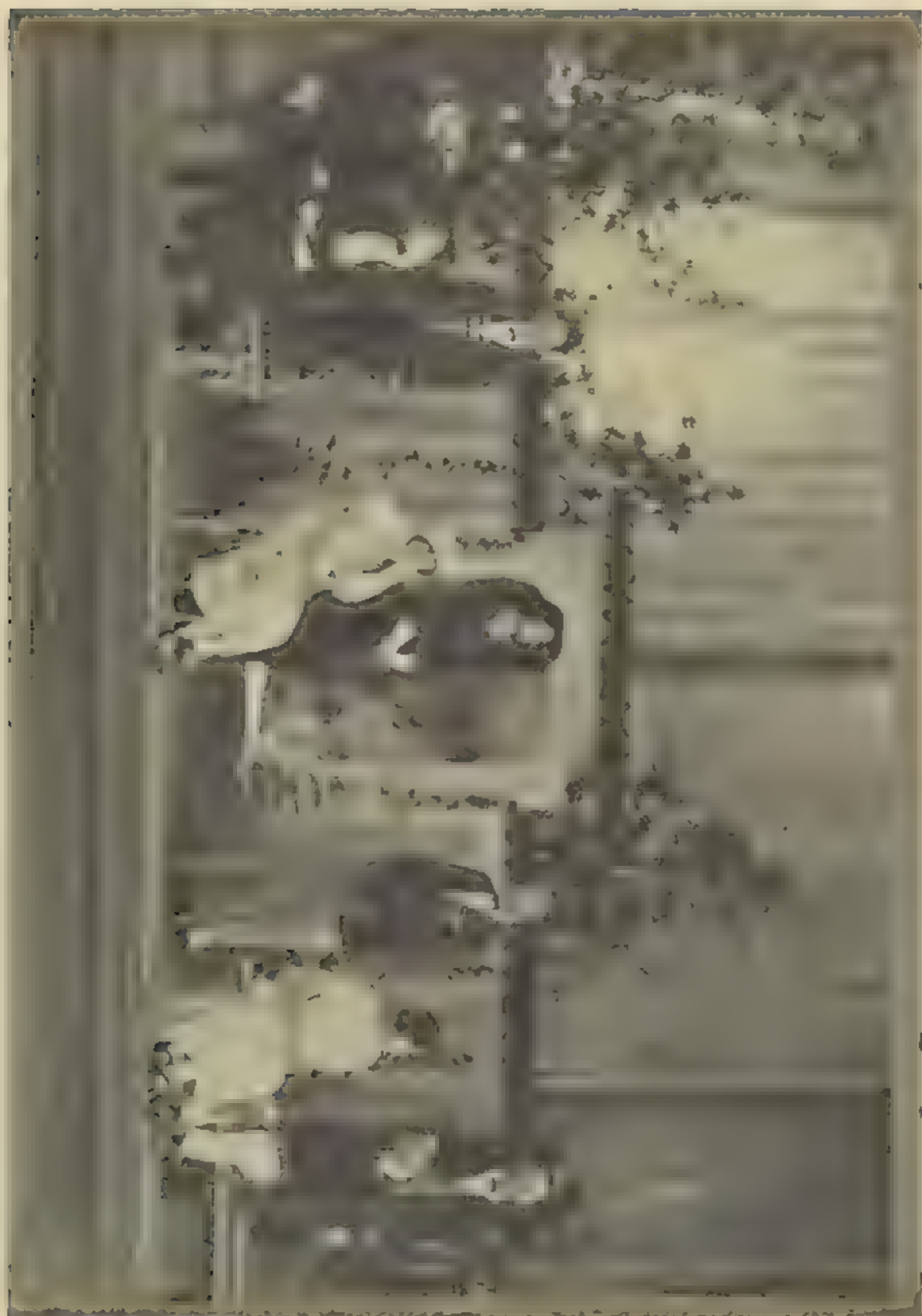
ATASCADERO, BEAUTIFUL!

GENEVIEVE PLAGMANN, '27

Standing on Pine Mountain,
Among the lofty trees,
All nature seemed to call me,—
The birds, the flowers, the bees;

The sun, the wind, the dewdrops,
All whispered, "Lift your eyes!
Atascadero! Beautiful
Beneath the bended skies!"







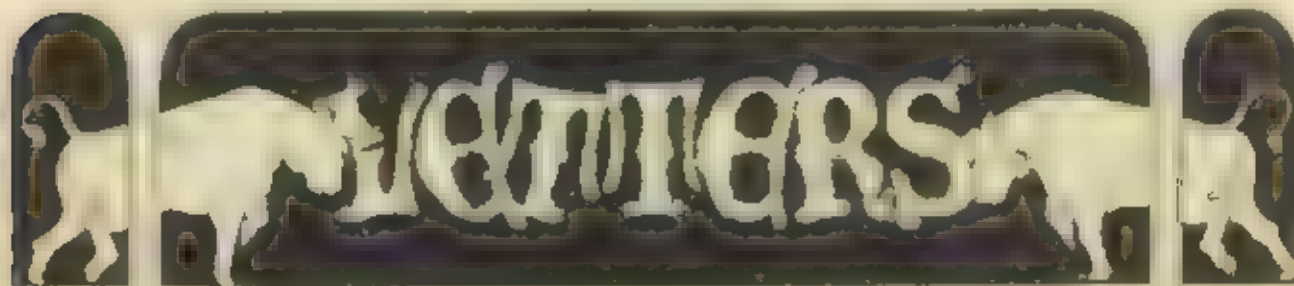
The school is responsible, in a great measure, for the moulding of men's lives, for it is there that the valuable experience of personal contact with different personalities, conditions and ideals is obtained. In the school the character is developed and broadened. There natural tendencies in the wrong direction are stamped out and those in the right direction are aided and developed, not thru force but thru gradual evolution. There the spirits of altruism and "give and take" are developed. These things carry over into life and upon them success is built. The things learned and the friends made in school are what control our lives, for school experience and the experiences of life outside the school merge together. There is no time when learning in school ends and learning in life begins.

Not only are things obtained in school which make for success in the society of others, but the concrete knowledge which makes a successful business man is also gained there.

In a country such as ours, where there are so many advantages, it does not seem possible that a person can go thru life without receiving an education. Every one has a right to an education. It is just a matter of how badly it is wanted. Anyone can, if he has the will, obtain just what he wants and needs.

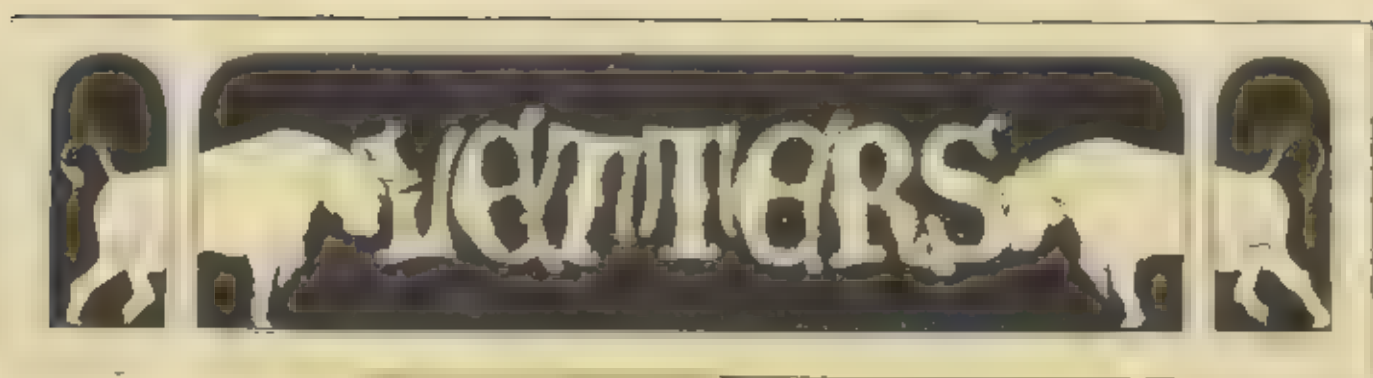
A great many people leave school for small reason or no reason at all, and never realize, until it is too late, the handicap they have placed upon themselves. This handicap brings about, in time, the realization of failure. With added years a person can always see the mistakes made in the past. Why cannot the younger generation realize these things and profit by them? Why can't they look into the future and see that an education is necessary for success? If they could only do this the lives of many would be made easier and freer from worry and disappointment, for the things worth while and which make for success are determined, in a great measure, by what is done by the individual during the plastic period of life which is the time spent in school.





HONOR ROLL.

Robert Bromley	Football	Howard Horner	*Football
Raymond Eisenhise	Football		*Basketball
Alfred Engle (Capt.).....	*Baseball		Baseball
	*Football	Robert Pierce	*Football
	*Basketball		*Basketball
Elwin Farrington	Football		*Baseball
	*Basketball	Matthew Triggs	Football
Everett Penny (Capt.).....	**Football	William Towler (Capt.)	*Basketball
Edwin Grabenstein	Football		*Football
Paul Horner	Baseball		*Baseball



GIRLS' HONOR ROLL

Cecily Crane (Capt)	*Basketball	Ethel Goeb	*Basketball
	. Volleyball(Capt.)	Volleyball
Edna S. Fox	Basketball	Nevelle Hawkins	Volleyball
E. S. C. Volleyball	Basketball
	Basketball	Ruth Newton	Volleyball
Dorothy Weaver	Volleyball	Basketball

GIRLS LEAGUE

The girls of the Margarita Black Union High School are proud of the honor of belonging to an organization which has been of such marked benefit in a scholastic as well as in a social way.

At the close of the school year of 1924 the officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: Nevelle Hawkins, President; Catherine Howe, Vice-President; Dorothy Hardy, Secretary; Ethel Goeb, Treasurer, and Mila Mae Green, Parliamentarian, who, upon leaving, was succeeded by Burta Beers.

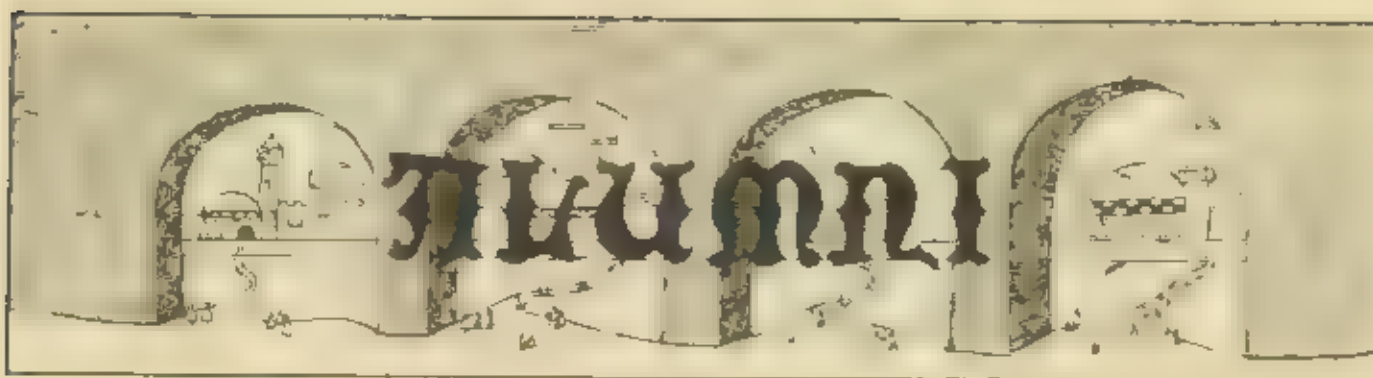
One of the most interesting and helpful events of the year was the annual convention of the Girls' League held at King City. The program of the convention was highly entertaining and instructive and we had the honor and pleasure of bringing home the banner for the most original song which was composed by Ruth Newton and Lillian Stevens and rendered by the delegates from our school. The wonderful hospitality of the King City girls will not soon be forgotten.

In the early part of the year a dance was given by the Girls' League at which quite a large sum of money was realized. Still later in the year a human Marionette show was put on, also by the League, and directed by Mrs. Zimmerman and Mrs. Holmes, which always assures the success of any play. With the funds procured from this play, a table was purchased for the girls' room.

At different times during the year we have had a number of interesting and instructive talks by the women members of the faculty and by different public-spirited women of the community.

The "Hi Jinks" for the girls of the school was given early in the year.

The annual May breakfast was given on Friday morning, May the first. The breakfast started at eight-thirty and lasted thru until ten minutes of ten. The girls of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes had charge of the breakfast and they surely showed the upper class girls that they knew how to plan and arrange a most enjoyable meal; also the upper class girls showed the under class girls how to do away with the good meal. We hope that the May breakfast of 1926 will be as enjoyable as that of '25.



M. B. U. H. S. IS PROUD OF HER ALUMNI

Those attending different colleges and schools are: Edna Miller, '22, Medical College, Los Angeles; Seymour Smith, '22, and Dick Hyland, '23, Stanford University; Glen Cherry, '22, and Julia Hansen, '23, University of California; Eleanor Fielder, '23, Ida and Dorothy Wilcox, '23, and Edward Cavanagh, '22, Teachers' College, San Jose; Dorothy Baker, '23, Jeanette Slagg, '23, and Mabel Pratt, '23, Teachers' College, Santa Barbara; Ruth Beers, '24, College of the Pacific, Stockton; Ruth Dooley, '24, Dorothy Mori, '24, Santa Maria Junior College; Homer Hostetter, '24, San Diego; Leila Hostetter, '24, Methodist Training School, San Francisco; Herbert Wuesthoff, '24, Pomona College; Thomas Manwarring, '22, So. Branch of U. C.; Lucile Falconer, '23, Art School, San Francisco; Raymond St. Clair, '23, Pasadena; Lora Aborn, '24, Ferry Hall, Lake Forrest, Ill.

Working in offices: Mildred Hathaway, '21, Helen Eisenbise, '22, Robert Lyman, '22, Grace Eisenbise, '23, and Helen Hathaway, '23, San Francisco; Ella Kinder, '23, and Frances O'Connor, '22, Hollywood; Helen Malcomson, '24, Harriet Talbot, '22, and Lolita Brown, '23, Atascadero; Ellen Rhyne, '23, San Luis Obispo; Elizabeth Nelson, '24, Arizona; Alice Dulitz, '21, Los Angeles; Wilma Appleton, '24, Paso Robles.

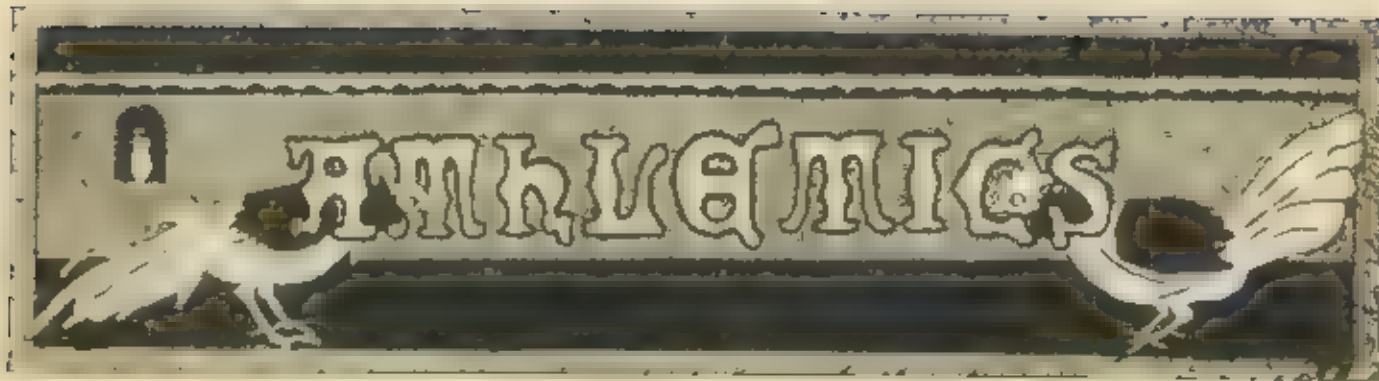
Married: Catherine (Austin) Kauffman, '21, Lankershim; Grace (Stinchfield) Morris, '22, King City; Adele (Bishop) Evans, '23, Long Beach; Ramona (Garcia) Villa, '23, Santa Margarita; Ramona (Torres) Wheeler, '24, Garden Farms, Atascadero; Caroline (Lovedor) Thompson, '23, Washington; Arretta (Smedes) Urey, '24, Atascadero.

Holding various positions: Hazel Watts, '22, William Kitto, '22, Alfred Kitto, '22, Dale Lichty, '23, Wayne Talbot, '23, Hans Heilman, '24, Philip Horner, '24, Morris Hurst, '24, Oren Sexton, '24, Atascadero; Charles McClellan, '22, Santa Barbara; Earl Randall, '22, San Jose; Seba Mallett, '22, Arizona; Dean Burton, '23, Oregon; Sylvia Fisher, '23, Santa Monica; Clarence Radke, '23, San Francisco; Harry Kyle, '24, Paso Robles; Gwendolyn Miller, '24, San Luis Obispo; Herschel Prewitt, '24, Santa Margarita, and Floyd Rible, '22, Hollywood.

Staying at home: Lucile Brownsan, '21, San Francisco; Ethel Bursell, '23, and Irene Grabenstein, '24, Atascadero.

Jennie McClellan, '24, taking a P. G. course at the M. B. U. H. S.

Merrill Morgan, '24, on a trip to Oklahoma.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

ELWIN FARRINGTON, '25

The athletics this year have been carried out more successfully than in previous years. Altho the school has been left with smaller boys, they seem to have better team spirit and have won more games than in other years.

FOOTBALL

San Luis vs. Atascadero, October 11, 1924.

The boys went down to San Luis with high hopes but were outweighed 15 pounds to the man which constituted a heavy handicap. Altho they fought hard they could not cross the San Luis goal.

The score was 53-0

Templeton vs. Atascadero, November 1, 1924.

The team went into this game thinking it would be an easy victory, having beaten Templeton once in a practice game. They were very much surprised when the first half ended with the score 14-0 in Templeton's favor. In the second half they woke up and began to play football. Thru a series of passes, which Templeton could not stop, two touchdowns were made. The whistle blew with Atascadero two points in the lead. Score, 16-14.

This ended the season with Atascadero, San Luis and Paso Robles in a triple tie for first place, Paso having forfeited a game to Atascadero for failing to play at two different times.

BASKETBALL

Cambria vs. Atascadero, December 13, 1924.

Altho Cambria has a small school they brot a team here which was just evenly matched with ours. But from the beginning of the game, Atascadero had better teamwork and were much faster than Cambria. Score, A. H. S. 13, Cambria 6. Pierce F; Farrington F; Horner C; Towler G; Grabenstein G.

Paso Robles vs. Atascadero, January 10, 1925.

Our team was at a great disadvantage on Paso's dirt court. They put up a good fight but could not break through the Paso 5-man defense. Score, Paso 19, Atascadero 8. Pierce F; Engel F; Horner C; Towler G; Farrington G.

San Luis vs. Atascadero, January 17, 1925.

Altho Atascadero was out classed in this game they played hard and made San Luis fight. San Luis was ahead the first half by a score of 19-9, but in the third quarter Atascadero made a spurt of speed and got within one point of them in the last five minutes of play. San Luis put one in with what seemed like uncanny luck, leaving the score 18-21 in favor of San Luis. Lineup same as before.

Templeton vs. Atascadero, January 31, 1925.

Atascadero expected this game to be a walkaway for Templeton as they



were the strongest team in the county, but was determined to give them a good fight. All thru the first half Atascadero was about even, but in the last half Templeton's star man shot some pretty baskets, leaving the score 26-19 in favor of Templeton. Lineup same as before.

Arroyo Grande vs. Atascadero, February 6, 1925.

The team went to Arroyo with high hopes of winning. Altho outweighed, the score remained even all thru the first half, but in the second half Atascadero's boys went wild and played all around Arroyo, making long, hair-raising shots. This was kept up all thru the last half, bringing Atascadero an overwhelming victory of 23-8. Lineup: Horner C; Pierce F; Engel F; Towler G; Weaver G.

BASEBALL

Arroyo Grande vs. Atascadero, March 21, 1925.

This being the first game of the season Atascadero had had very little practice. The team went into the game and in the first inning brot in a run. The score stayed 1-0 for seven innings, making it a very exciting game. In the eighth inning by a hit and one or two errors Arroyo crossed the plate five times. Atascadero managed to get two more runs but could not tie them. The game ended with Arroyo ahead, 6-3. Lineup: H. Horner C; Engel P; Weaver 1B; Towler 2B; Pierce SS; Farrington 3B; P. Horner LF; Grabenstein CF; Bromley RF.

Templeton vs. Atascadero, March 28, 1925.

This game was more or less of a slugging contest as it was played in the rain. The balls were so slippery that they could not be thrown straight. Even at that Engel pitched a nice game. Atascadero started out with two runs, then Templeton got three. After that Atascadero gained a score of 14-5. In the eighth inning Templeton had a big rally, coming up to 13 runs. In the ninth inning neither side could get a run so the score remained 14-13. Lineup same as before.

Cambria vs. Atascadero, April 18, 1925.

This game was played in a hay field with a hard wind blowing, but Atascadero took an early lead and kept it thruout the game. Score, 10-6.

The Atascadero schedule included several other games which had not been played when the Annual went to press, so the results could not be chronicled.

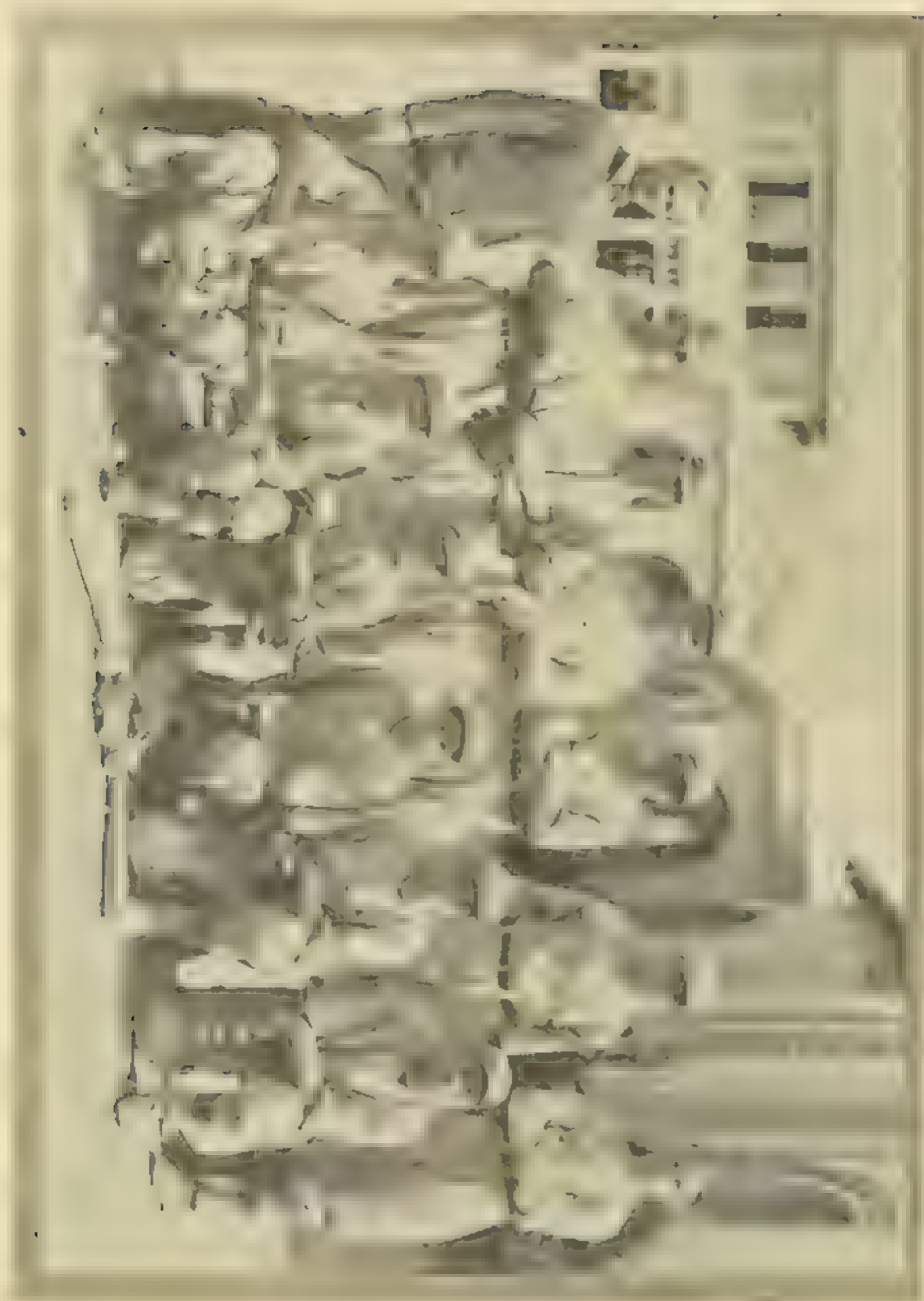
THE OUTLAW BRONCHO

JOHN WHITE, '28

He rears and bucks and jumps about,
And soars up toward the sky,
He has the bit between his teeth
And now the end is nigh.

His neck is arched, his eyes ablaze,
His ears are straight ahead,
His human foe has fallen off.
And he away is led.

Alas, this outlaw has no friends,
They laugh in fiendish glee;
He throws himself against the fence,
In effort to get free.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

JEANETTE BIRNIE, '26

The girls' athletic season opened with volleyball. The only team that accepted our challenge was Templeton, with whom we played two sets of games, winning two out of three games each time. The second team was also successful. Our victorious lineup was as follows: Ethel Goeb, Captain; Iris Gill, Cecily Crane, Nevelle Hawkins, Ruth Newton, Dorothy Weaver. Substitutes: Mary Price, Winifred Dooley, Dorothy Hardy.

We hardly waited until the volleyball season was over to start practicing for our old favorite—basketball.

Our first game was played February 19 with Templeton. The teams were very evenly matched but the score was 24 to 9 in Atascadero's favor. On February 28 we played a return game, but as our two best players were not on the floor, we were defeated, the score being 13 to 7. The deciding game was played at Santa Margarita, March 19, where we were again defeated. The score was 38 to 16.

On March 6 we played our first game with Cambria with a winning score of 27 to 4. When we played the return game, March 21, we were again victorious with a score of 48 to 16. Our lineup was: Cecily Crane, F, Capt.; Ethel Goeb F; Nevelle Hawkins F; Iris Gill G; Frances Fox G; Ruth Newton G. Substitutes: Estella Webber F; Alberta Webber G; Mary Price G.

The first of the inter-class games was between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The Freshmen were victorious. The next game was between the Juniors and Seniors. The mighty Seniors ran up a big score against the Juniors. Then came the big game of the season, the battle deciding which class should be champion. It was a very close game but the Seniors couldn't afford to be beaten by the lowly Freshmen so they made a mighty effort and won by one basket.

SCHOOL

JOHN WHITE, '28

I like to go to school and play
A lively game of ball,
But when it comes to History,
I have no luck at all.

The English is a lot of fun,
I usually get "B",
But when it comes to Caesar's yarn,
I'm pretty much at sea.

I'm in the High School orchestra,
I play my silver flute,
The music sounds right good, until
I make a discord toot.

My Hygiene teacher thinks me slow,
I seldom have my lesson,
No matter what I answer him,
He always thinks I'm guessin'.



JOKE S AND SNAPS

Jennie: "Does lime work in the same way?"

Mr. Kimber: "Yes—it's the same only different."

Later—same period—

Mr. Kimber: "That reaction is the same as we had in our experiment, only different."

Jeannette: "I don't like these pictures. I look just like a monkey."

Mr. Aston: "You should have thot of that before you had them taken."

Mangun: "Alfred, what is the shape of your head?"

Alfred: "A rectangle."

The Seniors come first in the line
Then Juniors are proud and so fine
The Sophmores then come,—
They sure make things hum,—
But the Freshies are not worth a dime!

Football man wants his picture taken.

Side-face?

No! Full back

Mrs. Zimmerman: "Take this sentence for example: Let the cow be taken out of the lot. What mood?"

Jeanette: "The cow."

Mangun: "Triggs, what are you reading? History?"

Triggs: "No! I am only looking at it."

L. Greene: "Gee! I was scared silly last summer"

Maurice: "Oh! I thot it might be hereditary!"

Mrs. Steiner: "How is hash made?"

Doris Webb: "It isn't made; it accumulates."

There was a young lady named Gill
Who run up a very large bill
For ribbons and dresses
And sweet, dainty messes,
And also a compact reill

Mangun: "Order! ORDER!"

Pat: "Ham and eggs, please!"

Little words of guessing,
Little words of bluff
Make the teachers tell us
"Sit down, that's enough!"

"Do you ever use the Stadium drive?"

"No, I don't play golf."

Cecily C.: "What style of architecture do you like best?"

Ethel G: "I always favor the tall ones!"

is a young fellow named Wid
He must be the son of the Cid.
For he rocks off his Spanish
In accents quite mannish.
He sure is a wonderful kid!

Bob: "Are you a German professor?"

Mr. Kilmer: "No, why?"

Bob: "Well, because your marks are so low."

Mangun: "What is Child Labor?"

Class: "Civics!"

Teacher: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Tommy: "At the bottom."

Miss Hollenbeck (to Lillian): "Now what were you saying when I interrupted?"

Lillian: "I had finished what I was saying."

A bashful young fellow named Weaver,
His class teacher, he tried to deceive 'er,
But he got instead
A crack on the head.
But, alas! a hard head had ung Weaver

Mangun: "What happens to the blood as it passes thru the lungs?"

Paso: "Takes on Air."

Teacher: "Use the right verb in the sentence—'The toast was drank in silence."

Pupil: "The toast was ate in silence."

Sonny: "I say, dad, what keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?"

Father: "Why, the law of gravity, of course."

Sonny: "But how did people stay on before that law was passed?"

Prisoner: "There goes my hat; shall I run after it?"

Officer: "You'll get no chance to escape like that. Just wait here; I'll get your hat for you."

In our school there's a teacher named
Ardy,
Whose hair is peculiarly sandi—
He is terribly long
And talks like a song,
But, OH! a fine teacher is Ardy!

Mangun: "It is necessary to have exercise to be healthy."

Albert: "Then it must be healthful to ride in a flivver."

Nevelle (talking about Senior Play during practice): "The whole audience will just about die."

Everett: "I hope they do!"



Miss Ward: "Any boys who have the Pirate's Daughter at home please bring her back at once."

Mr. Mangun (with bunch of boys): "You fellows will not be given liberty till two o'clock."

Pat (in rear of room): "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Mr. Mangun: "Who said that?"

Pat: "Patrick Henry."

Goosey: "Mr. Bentley sent me for a left hand monkey wrench."

H. Horner: "Go back and tell him to train the monkey to use his right hand."

He forgot what to say,
And he didn't take his mark very calmly.

Heard on the sidelines at a football

Maurice: "Bill is going to be our

No. 1." "Oh, Maurice, this is so

"She's a decided blonde."

"Yes, I was there when she decided."

Miss Ward (to John White at the piano): "Can you give us the air?"

Boys' Glee: "Let's give him the air."

Mr. Kimber: "Chickens are very susceptible to salt. A little of it will kill them."

Jeanette: "Does it kill them instantly or are they in pain for a while?"

Mr. Kimber: "Why—why I guess they just die."

Miss Hollinbeck: "When did Louis Fourteenth die?"

Al Engle: "I don't know; I must 've been absent that day."

There once was a quarterback named Bill,
Who in every game took a spill.

He skinned his poor
But he still smiled with glee
Some football player, this fellow named Bill

Mrs. Zimmerman: "Ruth, why do you suppose people come into the world without brains?"

Ruth Newton: "Don't know, I'm sure. Why?"

Mrs. Zimmerman: "I'm correcting a bunch of Freshman papers"

Senior: "What cute little caps the Freshmen wear. But how do they keep them on"

Junior: "Vacuum pressure, stupid!"

Dot Hardy (talking about Senior photo): "The bones in my neck will show if I wear that dress."

Everett: "Ah! the photographer will take them out."

Mangun: "Which way does the blood run in the arteries?"

Weaver: "To the left."

Frosh: "Why are you going to sell your Ford?"

Student: "Because I haven't much money"

Frosh: "Go on! That's why they buy cars."

History Teacher: "What started the trouble in ancient Troy?"

Voice from the rear: "A beauty contest!"

There was a young lady named Vi,
Who was most coquettishly shy
Once she saw a young gink
As I gave such a wink
That it sadly disabled her eye

Student: "Sir, I want permission to be away three days after the end of vacation."

Dean: "Ah! You want three more days of Grace?"

Student: "No sir—three more days of Gertrude."

Otis (taking tickets at the Junior Class show): "Ticket, please!"

Lady (walking by): "No, thank you."

Mr. Mangun: "What is an organ?"

Pat Robison: "An old fashioned piano."

Mr. Kimber in Chemistry: "This bottle of silver nitrate looks awfully dirty. I don't believe it was washed clean"

Julia: "Didn't you wash that bottle?"

There is a stern teacher named Zimmy
Whose expression is fearfully grimmy
When she says, "Define cat,"
We don't know where we're a
And with fear we proceed then to summy

A Joke—Chemistry Class'

A football player may be brave,
But a contractor has more sand.

Mrs. Steiner: "Now, girls, who can tell me the three most important foods?"

Doris: "Breakfast, dinner, and supper."

Mangun (to belated student): "Why were you late?"

Student: "I have an excuse."

Mangun: "Yes, I know; I saw him!"

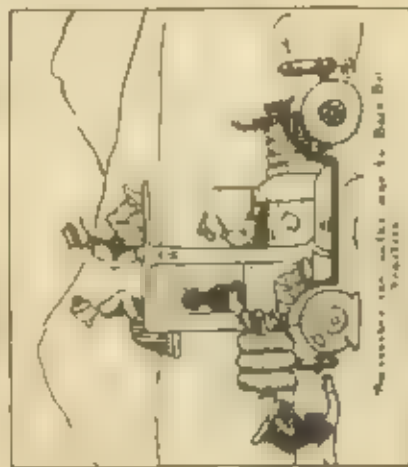
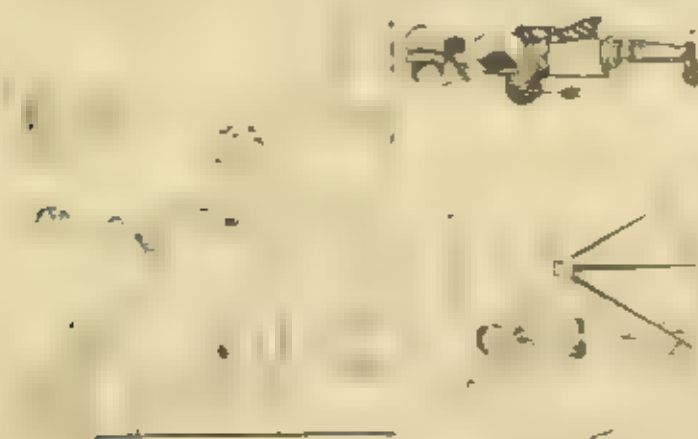
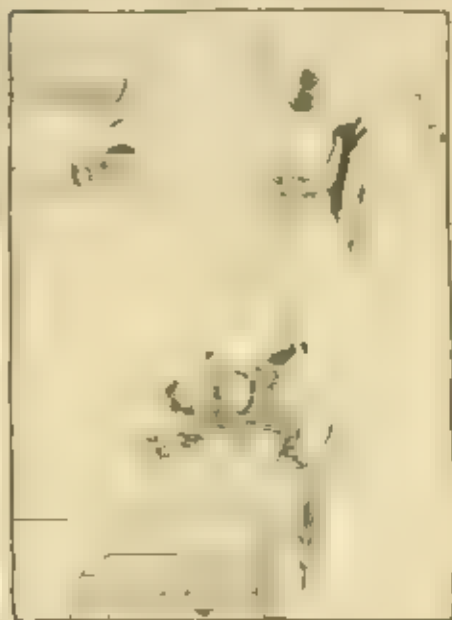
There was a young lass called Ginger
Whose curling iron slipped and did singe her.

Ouch!" she then said,
As she felt of her head
Now she wears her hair straight, does this Ginge

Miss Hollenbeck in Am. History: "How do we get rid of a President who is not filling his office?"

Voice from rear fo room: "Assassinate him!"





AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

The work of this department is largely supported by the Federal Government and the State. It is the result of a growing recognition of the fact that a large majority of high school students never go on to college. To limit a boy who is headed for farming or a related occupation and who will not go further than high school, to college-preparatory subjects which have but little practical value, is a mistake, and, thruout the United States, vocational instruction in the kind of work that students will later take up is receiving more and more of its just share of the total amount spent for education.

The work in agriculture has included class and laboratory work, field trips to many different farms in various parts of the county, and individual projects in which a boy actually carries on a typical farming enterprise, borrowing the initial capital if need be, doing most of the work himself, assuming full managerial responsibility, and receiving whatever net profits are earned. The following are some typical projects:

"For my project I have twelve acres of barley and four acres of oats. First I plowed and harrowed all the land, then sowed the seed and harrowed it in. This took a total of $91\frac{1}{2}$ labor hours and 228 horse hours.

"The way the crop looks now there will probably be at least two tons of hay per acre on the average. If hay is worth \$15 a ton this year my crop will be worth at least \$480.

"My expenses, including leasing the land at \$4.00 per acre; seed, \$47.75; rent of horses and all incidentals to date, have totaled \$137.62. Figuring harvesting expenses and baling at approximately \$53, or a total expense of \$190.62, I should make a net profit of \$289.00 for about 130 hours' work, or a profit of \$2.22 per hour."—Philip Kinder, '27.

"My project is vegetable gardening, care of five cows, and raising 750 baby chicks. In the garden project the birds were very difficult to control and ate many of the young plants, but so far my net profit on my vegetable garden has been \$3.75 for $30\frac{1}{2}$ hours' work. My five cows have produced 463.5 lbs. of butterfat in three months with a net profit over all expenses of \$190.27.

"April 1, I got 750 baby chicks from the Baker Hatchery for 23c each. These chicks are all from Oregon Agricultural College strain hens which have been trapnested for over 22 generations with no pullet record of less than 200 eggs in a year in their pedigree. I purchased a 68-inch Lyon Electric Brooder with adjustable thermostat control of the temperature. I am brooding my chicks in an open front house 10 feet wide and 24 feet long. I have been feeding a good variety, including cracked corn, wheat, and milo, bran, dried buttermilk, codliver oil, etc., all carefully balanced and fed sparingly but regularly. So far in three weeks I have lost 53 chicks out of 750, or 7.06% mortality, which is better than the average. At present I have no sick chicks and expect to raise over 90%, which will give me about 340 pure-bred White Leghorn pullets of highest quality."—Max Calvert, '28.

Other projects are as follows: Ed Grabenstein, Barrett Armstrong, and Earl Yeager have vegetable gardens; Leroy Currier is raising 100 baby chicks from trapnested hens laying over 200 eggs each; Joe Calvert has twelve acres in barley, six acres in oats, three acres in corn and two acres in Sudan grass; Howard Horner has five acres in barley, vetch, and oats, also $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres of orchard; Paul Horner has two acres of vetch and oats and $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres orchard; Oliver Breese is helping take care of a 6-acre orchard; Otto Heilman is taking daily care and keeping production records of two cows; Alfred Engel and Robert Pierce are taking care of over three acres of orchard, and Curtis Lock is keeping complete Farm Management records for a 6,000-acre diversified farm.

The following boys represented M. B. U. H. S. in the annual Stock Judging contest at the University Farm at Davis, April 24 and 25: Oliver Breese, '25; Otto Heilman, '26; Paul Horner, '27, and Max Calvert, '28.

AUTOGRAPHS

